THE Inchanted Tower: OR, BERKSTEAD HIS DREAME: INTERPRETED BY Squire DUN. WITH HIS COMMENTS ON *Habeas Corpus Cum Causa.*

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1662.

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Collonel *Barkstead's* Dream, &c.

WHere am I? the darkneſs of the Night and my Fortunes thus blinding me, or rather letting me to ſee where I am not? Is not this the Tower, this *Babel* that I have built? by the ſtrangeneſs of Tongues and Words I hear, it ſhould be nothing elſe; he that called me *Lord* calls me now *Raſcal*, as when in that Building and Confuſion, inſtead of a poliſh'd Marble that was called for, the aſtoniſhed Labourer brought a Brick bat.

Do I keep the Place, or the Place keep me? or is *Lieutenant* a word of ambiguous ſence, to be taken in an active or paſſive ſignification? Taken do I ſay? Oh forbear *Murphey*, divert thoſe Thoughts, and keep 'um in ſtore for the Proſperous and Rich. Give me leave for a while to pleaſe

my self with those first and false Representations you courted me, that so I may not condemn Fortune altogether, while I see how the Scales ballance?

Shall I then dream methodically, and make a continued Discourse of my Fancy? *Ballance the Scales of Fortune* did I say? Or shall I make a Preachment, like an Enthusiast, upon the words, and divide them? I think that the gratefullest and most pleasing way for what I shall deliver so, will be the mode of Revelation, which for so many years boulster'd out Demonstrations of Piety and Reason. —— Oh I dream!

First then, Ballance I may dare to own, without any imputation, it belonged to my Trade, the penny, two penny, four-penny weight were my employment, for Bodkins and Thimbles; I wonder therefore, Oh ye Deities of sleep, how I came to deal in *Crowns*? For the Scales, oh my Justiceship! my Congregational Righteousnesse! never did I so weigh shreds out of Hell, as I exactly considered those remnants which *O. C.* told me would fall to my share from Regicide and Sacriledge: Herein I Dreamed, and those Dreams had their *Omen*; I and my Complices weighed down the Law and Loyalty, both these are mounted again, and we are now depress't: We came in to brave out the Villanies of *O. C.* and we now come to complain of them.

But Fortune, how shall I decipher thy mutability? shall I assimilate and make thee like to the Army? How terrible art thou my dear? what

have

have I done to thee? what have I deserved that thou usest me thus? am I Coward? was I ever afraid of any thing which under the Name of Providence thou putteſt me upon? Have I not defyed thee? have I not defyed my Conſcience for thee? muſt I ſay with *Baalams* Aſſe, *Why haſteſt thou me?* have you rid me, like the Hag, while I thought I had been your *Enamorato*, & my felicities had impregnated thee with a numerous iſſue of Wealth, Honour, and Greatneſſe.

Hear me O ye Wardens of the Tower! hear ye me oh my Lions! have you no ſenſe of Compaſſion for your Provider? do you not weep? do you not roar? you are the paſt and preſent witneſſes of my Condition: Was not I the great and famous, and next complement to invincible Soldan of this place? ye Wardens, did not you ſtand? would not you have kneeled bare at a winck? did I not make you the obſervers of my Humour? keep a diligent watch on my lips, as the Tenure of your places? and do you not fly hence and abominate your certain Salary, for my ſake, and the recompence I'le give you?

Could I call other evidence of my Greatneſſe, I would, but come not thou out *Syndercomb*, and tell the world I am as much a Murtherer as my Maſter *Oliver* a Traytor, and all the *&c.* of the wicked Uſurpation. — Give me *Opium*, I wake and ſtart, good *Syndercomb* be quiet, haunt *Nols* Tomb at *Tyburn*, kill him worſe there then at *Kenſington*, but let me be quiet, I had no malice but againſt Cavaliers.

Oh

Oh why do I think of them? the acerbity, the bitternesse of my unhapp lyes there; Ten thousand Levellers to a *Gerrard*, to a *Hewyt*, are nothing: Yet pleasing my self, I cannot but indulge my mind a prospect of that Honour done me in this place: —— *I will not wake for a hundred pounds now.* —— *Good my Lord use your Interest me* (poor, miserable and disconsolate Ladies) *know you can prevaile*; but where shall I find a Kitchin-stuff, or *Billingsgate* woman do so much for me to the Hang-man. —— *Cromwell*, *Bradsham*, help, help.

Now then, what have I to do, hopelesse of any mercy or favour, but to be ingenuous; and therefore I'le save any man the labour of an account of my life, leaving that of my death to the Publishers of the late Martyrs of the *Rump*, who will do it with advantage, though I think, and (if waking) would swear, I shall not die with half so much Confidence, I shall have my eyes open when I say Impudence.

Know then that by Trade I was a puny *Goldsmith*, and in the beginning of the War, being a Military man in the Trained band of St. *Clements*, I came to be preferred to a Company of foot under Col. *Venn* in *Windsor* Castle, where, through precise observation of the Governour I was presently promoted as a godly man, to higher Commands, and was after other successive employments of trust and profit, made Governour of *Reading*, by which I became famous, and would I had stayed there, and made those safe retreats which a competent fortune and credit then offered me; But then first I began to Dream.

For

For having attained the degree of a Colonel by the Spirit, (not Mine I conceive) I was uſed as a Property to thoſe late Deſignes, wherein from *Little John*, I grew to bigg Titles, Sir *John Berkſtead*; and as the prodigious accumulation of all Ribauldry, *John* Lord *Berkſtead* of the Tower for a Barony. Pray good *Mephiſtophilus* mind me not in theſe Glories of the King's death—— What would you have a man to do, that could do nothing like a man, but Write and Read? and if I ſigned that Fatal Buſineſſe, I may thank my Parents, with the *welſh-man*, who taught me to write, and curſe my Hand, not my Head.

Now again for a *Syderſomb's* pretended Potion, the day of my Execution begins to dawn—— Night where flyeſt thou? do Sweet-meats and ſanctified Wine of the Smaller ſort leave me alſo? though I would not admit of Sack as a Diſturber of my ſerious Gravity, I can allow it now—— Is there none of the Nobility will ſpeak for me? Where's the Marqueſſes and Earls of I know what Titles? Give me therefore Thimbles again, and I will ſend them as tokens to their Ladies: if I were worth Rings, as the faſhion is, I would make them with new Motto's, which for the ſhame of that terrible invention againſt Comfit-makers, ſhould be

Then farewell Dreams,
And welcome Beams.

FINIS.